THE LITERARY TABLET.

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

Vol. III.] HANOVER, (N. H.) WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1806. [No. 11.

SELECTIONS.

ORIGINAL MEMOIRS OF BENJAMIN, COUNT OF RUMFORD.

From the Literary Miſcellany.

(Continued from page 6.)

THE intereſting account, with which Major Thompſon entertained his acquaintance at London, reſpecting the then critical affairs of America, was a neceſſary and fortunate prelude to his further advancement. His engaging manners, the perſpicuity, and above all the neatneſs and eaſe, with which he related any fact, or manœuvre of either army, rendered him a pleaſant and inſtructive companion.—With ſuch advantages he ſoon became the intimate acquaintance of the principal officers at the court of St. James'. His chief patron and aſſiſtant was Lord George Sackville Germaine, who, the year before Major Thompſon's arrival in England, had been appointed ſecretary of ſtate for the American department.

His time was occupied in viewing the wonders, which ſuch a metropolis may naturally be ſuppoſed to preſent to a mind of ſuch a texture, and in examining the civil and military inſtitutions of England. In the laſt he diſcovered ſome defects, for which he ſoon found a remedy, and ſuch deference was paid to his judgment and ingenuity, that few embarraſſments occurred in procuring his ſuggeſted improvements to be adopted. One of theſe was the ſupplying the royal horſe guards with bayonets in ſuch a manner, that the fuſees, though much ſmaller and ſhorter, than the common muſkets, ſhould place the horſe guards, when reduced to uſe them on foot, on an equality with thoſe, who uſed the common bayonet. The ſtocks of the horſe guard guns were ſo conſtructed, as to receive, in addition to the ramrod, a bayonet as much longer, than the old ones, as, when put upon the mouth of the gun, both ſhould be equal in length to thoſe of the foot guards. When it was neceſſary to uſe this new bayonet, it was drawn out, like the rod, and fixed in the uſual manner, ſo that the horſe guards, or any other dragoons, furniſhed with them, ſhould never be defenceleſs, in whatever mode they might be called to fight. A contrivance ſo ſimple and ſo important was a very favorable eſſay of his genius, and, while every body was pleaſed with the improvement, the author was careſſed and admired.

Admitted to a free intercourſe with the chief members of the cabinet, it was impoſſible, that many of his opinions ſhould not be followed, and that ſome arrangements ſhould not be under his own direction. In the month of September 1780 he was appointed by the king under ſecretary of ſtate for the northern department. His appointment, by giving him an employment regular and lucrative, was ſuch, as ſuited his wiſhes. His acuteneſs and penetration enabled him to foreſee the conſequences and effects of any tranſaction or experiment, through all the remote and moſt minute parts of its execution.

Toward the cloſe of the American war and juſt before Lord George Germaine left his office, Major Thompſon, through the influence of that nobleman, was appointed colonel of a regiment of the queen's royal American dragoons. By this commiſſion he was obliged to return to America, and arrived at New-York for the purpoſe of raiſing and forming his regiment; but the termination of hoſtilities at the peace prevented the execution of his commiſſion, and he returned to England, without having accompliſhed his object.

He remained in England till the year 1784, where he purſued his favorite ſtudies, and began a courſe of philoſophical experiments on ſuch ſubjects, as immediately concern the economy of human life. His free and communicative turn of mind, and the deep intereſt, which he diſcovered for the promotion of uſeful ſcience, induced all parties to cheriſh him, as the greateſt aſſiſtant to the increaſe of public happineſs. He introduced a reviſion of the military exerciſe, and in ſome parts worked a reformation in the military eſtabliſhment, which was acknowledged to be of the utmoſt conſequence. He was knighted by the the king of England in the year 1784, before he left that country to make the tour of Europe.

His reception upon the firſt viſit, he made to the continent, was ſo flattering, and involved ſo many intereſting ſcenes, that it deſerves a particular relation, eſpecially the manner, in which he became acquainted with Charles Theodore, the then elector of Bavaria. In the year 1784 Col. Thompſon, while under half pay of the king, obtained liberty of his majeſty to make a viſit to Vienna. His object was to acquire a thorough knowledge of the civil, military, and ſtatiſtical eſtabliſhments of Europe. On his journey he paſſed through Flanders into Germany with the deſign of taking a different rout from the one, which he afterwards was induced to purſue. He arrived at Manheim, where the Duke De Deux Ponts, the preſent elector, happened to be reviewing ſome troops, belonging to the army of his uncle. Col. Thompſon was mounted on a large, beautiful, Engliſh horſe, which he had brought from England with him, and clad in a full dreſs uniform of a Britiſh officer. When he appeared, as a ſtranger, whom curioſity had induced to viſit the parade, the Duke De Deux Ponts was ſtruck with his fine appearance, and reſolved not to let the opportunity eſcape of being acquainted with him. His inquiries were vain, and no other reſource was found but to addreſs himſelf perſonally to him. This firſt accidental interview was followed by a laſting friendſhip and eſteem. The duke inquired the object of his viſit to the continent, and whether he had determined upon the route, he ſhould take to Vienna. He was informed of the direction, but prevailed upon Col. Thompſon to paſs through Munich, inſtead of the courſe, he had propoſed, with a promiſe of letters of introduction to the elector.

He went to Munich, and with the good fortune, which ſeemed to watch him in all his ſteps, he was received by his Serene Highneſs with the greateſt kindneſs and friendſhip.

After many fruitleſs endeavours to detain him at Munich, and numerous flattering offers made to reconcile him to delay, he left the elector to complete his journey to the capital of Germany. While he reſided here, a correſpondence was kept up between him and the duke of Bavaria, until he obtained a promiſe from Col. Thompſon to come and reſide with him at Munich. Having been abſent a few weeks, he returned to Munich, where he began that regular and wonderful ſyſtem of improvements, hitherto unequalled in the annals of philoſophy and humanity.

(To be continued.)

Deſcription of the Tarantula, and Method taken to cure thoſe bitten by it.

OF the various ſpecies of venomous inſects, there is none of ſo ſingular a nature, or whoſe bite is attended with more aſtoniſhing and fatal effects, than that now under conſideration.

The tarantula is a native of Italy, and takes its name from Tarantum, a city of Apulia, near Naples. It is met with in other parts of Italy, but thoſe of Apulia are the only ſort reckoned dangerous.

Its uſual habitation is in a cave, furrowed out by its claws, in ſome dry and chalky ſoil. It generally remains in its cave during the daytime coming out in ſearch of its prey in the night. The peaſants of Apulia have a particular mode of alluring it from its den, by maka ſoft hiſſing noiſe through an oaten pipe, which it imagines to be ſome favourite prey, whereupon it comes forth, and falls a victim to its voracity. A full grown tarantula is about the ſize of a nutmeg, but ſome old ones are conſiderably larger. It is furniſhed with eight feet, each of which has three joints, and is covered with a fine down. From the ſhoulders ariſe a pair of horns, which the creature makes uſe of in confining its prey, while it is killing it with its forceps. The body is of various colours, and covered with a long down or fine hair, of a duſky colour. It has eight eyes, which are large, and in continual motion.

The tarantula ſleeps in its cave during the whole winter, and great part of the autumn and ſpring. It is a very ſingular obſervation made by Pliny, and confirmed by the Apulian peaſants, that the young ones for their firſt food devour their parent, by extracting the juice out of different parts of her body, and then leaving it dead in the field, going in ſearch of other prey.

The bite of a tarantula (as it is properly called) is a wound inflicted in a peculiar manner, and occaſions a pain not unlike the ſting of a bee. The creature pierces the ſkin with its forceps, and inſtantly injects from its mouth a poiſon into the wound. In a few hours the patient feels a numbneſs, and the part affected is marked with a livid circle, which ſoon after

riſes into a painful ſwelling; ſhortly after this the patient falls into a profound melancholy, breathes with difficulty, and at length loſes all his ſenſe and motion. Trembling, anger, laughter, joy, fear, and weeping, are ſtrong ſymptoms attending a perſon bit by this inſect, who would infallibly expire were not proper means uſed immediately to expel the poiſon. Medicine of no kind is of the leaſt efficacy, muſic being the only and ſure remedy.

No ſooner has the patient loſt his ſenſe and motion, than a muſician who is ſent for, tries ſeveral tunes, and when he has hit on one whoſe tones and modulations ſeem to ſuit the affected perſon, he is obſerved to make a faint motion: he firſt moves his arm, next his legs, and by degrees his whole body, till he riſes on his feet, and begins to dance, which ſome continue to do for ſeveral hours ſucceſſively. After this he is put to bed, and when he has ſufficiently recruited his ſtrength, he is allured out of bed by the ſame tune, to take another dance, which exerciſe is repeated for ſeven or eight days, till the patient finding himſelf fatigued and unable to dance any longer, is known to be cured.

Perceiving himſelf thus wearied, he begins to recover his ſtrength, and awakes as one out of a profound ſleep, without the ſmalleſt recollection of any thing that paſſed during his diſorder.

If the cure be not completely effected, the patient continues melancholy, ſhuns ſociety, and, if not cloſely watched, will, the firſt opportunity, drown himſelf. Such are the reſult and cure of the bite of the tarantula, according to the natives of Apulia, whoſe effects ſeveral learned and ingenious men have endeavoured to prove are an impoſition and error. But, however, it has been aſſerted by thoſe whoſe authority is indiſputable, that the fact is not merely founded upon hearſay, but reaſon and experience. [*Dodſley's Ann. Reg.*

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

The Engliſh papers ſeize every occaſion to do juſtice to the Heroes, Stateſmen, and Patriots of the United States. The London Courier of the 30th October, contains the following Anecdote; which we do not recollect to have ever before ſeen:—

One Rueben Rouzy, of Virginia, owed the General about 1000*l.* While Preſident of the United States, one of his agents brought an action for the money; judgment was obtained, and execution iſſued againſt the body of the defendant, who was taken to jail. He had a conſiderable landed eſtate, but this kind of property cannot be ſold in Virginia for debts, unleſs at the diſcretion of the perſon. He had a large family, and for the ſake of his children preferred lying in jail to ſelling his land. A friend hinted to him that probably Gen. Waſhington did not know any thing of the proceeding, and that it might be well to ſend him a petition, with a ſtatement of the circumſtances. He did ſo, and the very next poſt from Philadelphia, after the arrival of his petition in that city, brought him an order for his immediate releaſe, together with a full diſcharge, and a *ſevere reprimand* to the agent for having acted in ſuch a manner. Poor Rouzy was in conſequence reſtored to his family, who never laid down their heads at night without preſenting prayers to Heaven for their "beloved Waſhington." Providence ſmiled upon the labours of the grateful family, and, in a few years, Rouzy enjoyed the exquiſite pleaſure of being able to lay the 1000*l.* with intereſt at the feet of this truly great man. Waſhington reminded him that the debt was diſcharged: Rouzy replied, the debt of his family to the father of their country and preſerver of their parent, could never be diſcharged; and the General, to avoid the pleaſing importunity of the grateful Virginian, who would not be denied, accepted the money—only, however, to divide it amongſt Rouzy's children, which he immediately did.

JEWS.

For three years paſt, Mr. Joseph Samuel C. F. Frey, a converted Jew from Germany, has been preaching to his brethren, the offſpring of Abraham, the goſpel of Jeſus Chriſt, in a very intereſting and impreſſive manner. He was in London in September laſt, where he had two months before eſtabliſhed a Saturday evening lecture.

It is contemplated to collect, and form into one chriſtian Church, the converted Jews from different parts of Europe. Information of more than twenty has been already received. If this important meaſure can be carried into effect, it may be a mean of exciting among the Jews generally, a ſpirit of inquiry into the truth of Chriſtianity. Such a ſociety would afford alſo a refuge to thoſe, who, on embracing the religion of Chriſt, are obliged to forſake father and mother, and earthly ſubſtance.

A prayer meeting among a few converted Jews has been eſtabliſhed on Friday evening, at Mr. Frey's apartments, where his brethren are invited to converſe with him. [*Evan. Mag.*

A letter from London, of Sept. 16th, 1805, to one of the Editors, ſpeaking of Mr. Frey, ſays, "He is a moſt intereſting preacher. The Jews, however, oppoſe him moſt bitterly, ſo that his life has been frequently in danger. The converts to Chriſtianity, among the Jews, are treated with the greateſt barbarity by their relations."

ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

BENEVOLENCE.

THE depth of ſcientific reſearch may aſtoniſh, and the ſparklings of wit for a moment delight us, but there is a charm in unaffected benevolence, that commands the homage of the heart. Can a being, poſſeſſed of a ſoul glowing with the moſt fervent gratitude to the Author of all good, and fraught with an unfeigned love to every fellow creature, be ever guilty of an act of malevolence or fraud? Ah no: ſuch a diſpoſition delights in diffuſing happineſs to all within its reach; and ſighs for more extenſive power, only as a mean of enlarging its opportunities of doing good. Far from turning a deaf ear to the plaints of wo, it ſeeks out the cottage of affliction, watches with patient aſſiduity, the wretch, ſinking under the complicated ills of poverty and ſickneſs, and with ſoothing accents, tells of a better world, where miſery never comes.

Is there one, who, wearied of ſtruggling under accumulated evils, bereft, perhaps by death, of every friend who cheered his ſoul with comfort; is there ſuch an one, ſinking to the grave with a broken heart, the ſympathy afforded by a benevolent mind, can ſtill irradiate with a gleam of happineſs, the laſt moments of his wretched life. The mild voice of pity, can almoſt huſh to reſt the ſenſe of pain, and rekindle thoſe emotions of grateful ſenſibility, nearly loſt amid the waſte of ſorrow.—Such is the power of benevolence, and every joy it imparts to another, gives a tenfold felicity to its poſſeſſor; while the want of this diſpoſition, is a ſource of proportionate unhappineſs. This adds a new charm to beauty, and without it, even *that* muſt fail to pleaſe. Meliſſa, though poſſeſſed of the moſt bewitching delicacy of features, ſhape, and complexion, yet loſes half her lovelineſs, when the miſeries of the unfortunate become a theme of ridicule.—Tho' evaneſcence is ſtamped on every earthly enjoyment, the heart where ſmiling benevolence fixes her abode, can never be completely wretched.

"So the tall cliff that rears its awful form,
"Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the ſtorm;
"Though round its breaſt the rolling clouds are ſpread,
"Eternal ſunſhine ſettles on its head."

EUGENIA.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

CHRISTIANITY AND INFIDELITY.

[*By a Female Correſpondent.*]

Chriſtianity and infidelity preſent different proſpects to man. Infidels have rejected the chriſtian ſyſtem, becauſe its purity is incompatible with the reliſh of their hearts, and whatever inconſiſtencies they pretend to diſcover, it is evident, that the rectitude it enjoins is ſo great a check on their wiſhes that they admit any reaſoning, however abſurd, to rid them of ſuch irkſome reſtraint. If we view the conduct of infidels, we ſhall ſurely imagine their principles not productive of happineſs. For there is ſcarcely one of that ſect, who does not often feel the dreadful certainty, that he is laboring to maintain a ſyſtem, which will one day be daſhed in pieces, and he himſelf cruſhed in its ruins.

To cultivate the ſocial and benevolent affections has certainly a greater tendency to produce peace of mind, than the oppoſite paſſions, ſuch as anger, revenge, pride, envy, haughtineſs, diſcontent, and ſelfiſhneſs. Let the candid judge whether the writings of deiſts are not calculated to foſter theſe direful paſſions.

Does not their practice plainly evince that all, which is amiable in human nature is perverted by their principles? And indeed having diveſted themſelves of every motive to diſintereſted benevolence, ſelfiſhneſs muſt rule their whole conduct. The unreſtrained indulgence of every caprice will bring along with it its own puniſhment. Thoſe pleaſures, which at firſt appear moſt enchanting, vaniſh in the fruition and diſguſt in the poſſeſſion. Riches and ſplendor ſoon ſatiate and become incapable of affording pleaſure. Fame produces no ſubſtantial good, nothing that will alleviate pain, or ward off the ſhafts of ridicule or malice.—Thoſe who deſtroy the foundation of virtue muſt not expect to taſte its pleaſures. What dreary proſpects ariſe to the infidel's imagination; without hope of happineſs hereafter, diſpleaſed with every object around him, remorſe corroding his feelings, yet obſtinately perſiſting in his wild purſuits, till age enfeebles his faculties, or diſſipation cuts ſhort his days. What muſt be his feelings when he is, at laſt, obliged *to reflect?* How does he feel when he takes a retroſpect of his paſt life? Is he not ſenſible, he has deſtroyed all, that would ſupport him in old age, or on a death bed? Painful are

his ſenſations when he conſiders that his days have paſt in the extremity of deluſion and madneſs, entirely neglecting all, that was worthy his attention, to indulge his wild deſires, and gratify his vanity in ſhowing himſelf ſuperior to the dictates of reaſon and religion. Are not his reflections like the following? "O that I had lived like a rational creature, that I had hearkened to the voice of nature in all her works, proclaiming a God, infinite in wiſdom, and power; to the voice of conſcience, proclaiming this God pure, juſt, and holy, who will call his creatures to an account for their time and privileges, and puniſh the miſimprovement of them; and to his word, announcing the path of duty; proclaiming him merciful, boundleſs in goodneſs, looking with abhorrence on ſin, yet ever ready to pardon thoſe who ſeek his mercy? Alas! all this have I rejected and deſpiſed. He, who once in friendly terms warned me, has now become my enemy. The pleaſures of the world have loſt their power to delight, yet this thirſt for happineſs I find not in the leaſt abated; it is now as unextinguiſhable as ever. I am in the hands of that God I have ſo long rejected, ſoon to be tried by that juſtice I have ſo long contemned. Moſt dreadful proſpect! O rather that I might become ſenſeleſs as the clods, which will ſhortly be my covering, no more to remember I was once created a rational being; but no, this ſpirit cannot die, already do I feel the tremendous certainty that I ſhall be rewarded for the deeds I have done, that Jeſus, whom I have ridiculed and affected to deſpiſe, will now become my Judge." Thus in the laſt hours of life, when friends forſake him, he who has deſpiſed religion is forſaken by hope, and deſpair chills every ſenſation of his ſoul. Is this picture falſe? Let thoſe witneſs, who have ſeen the infidel in this trying time. Many have then relented and proved the fallacy of their ſyſtem by diſcovering how utterly incapable it is of affording conſolation when moſt needed, in worldly affliction at the cloſe of life. Let us now view a very different character, the ſincere, rational, firm chriſtian. Behold this man of a meek and quiet ſpirit, mark him who is perfect and upright and ſay is not the end of that man peace, joy, and hope. The clouds of worldly adverſity overſpread his habitation, his mind calm, compoſed, relying on his God, riſes ſuperior to misfortune, knowing his Father will never forſake thoſe, who truſt in him, and although he appoints trials for the children of men, graciouſly makes known his will, that whoever ſhould ſincerely perform it, ſhould receive abundant reward in another ſtate, where tears and ſorrows ſhall be wiped from their eyes, and every noble faculty of the ſoul ſtrengthened to give and receive the moſt rapturous delights in the ſociety of ſanctified ſpirits and the conſtant exerciſe of the moſt exalted gratitude and love to their Benefactor, whoſe hand has ſafely brought them through to the haven of eternal peace. Theſe are the feelings of the chriſtian, this is his hope, this ſuſtains him in the deepeſt adverſity, and this teaches him in proſperity to uſe the gifts of providence, not in procuring momentary pleaſures, but in extending the bleſſing of piety and knowledge, where mental darkneſs had prevailed; in adminiſtering to the wants of his fellow-creatures and in a ſteady, juſt and merciful conduct to all, doing the will of his Heavenly Father with a meek and quiet ſpirit. Thus conducting as always in the preſence of Him, who ſhall finally judge his deeds, depending on his mercy for acceptance, what ardent gratitude does he feel, what animating hopes, what angelic love! To him death is a meſſenger of peace, who ſhall releaſe him from every temptation, then eternal joy paſt our feeble comprehenſion opens on his view, then ſhall he ſerve his gracious Lord without any more remains of ſin, and weakneſs and rapture ever increaſing, then with amazing delight find all his faculties renovated to trace the works of Deity. Can ſuch hopes as theſe be rejected for the empty fancies of an infidel? Alas! purity cannot pleaſe the heart bent on gratifying its evil propenſities.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

HOPE.

AMID the ſtorms of life, encircled by misfortune and all the ills incident to humanity, why is it that mankind ſtill prize exiſtence, and dread the approach of death? In the ſeaſon of youth, ere the fancy partakes of the ſable hues of affliction, when pleaſure, in every alluring form, courts the attention and points to future years of unmixed felicity, it is natural that the predominant feeling of the heart ſhould be, a deſire to prolong ſuch delightful moments. But when old age approaches, when the heart, "loſt to fame and dead to love," becomes a prey to misfortune and anguiſh; when apathy has uſurped the ſeat, vacated by all the ſoft and ſocial feelings, ſtill the dread of death continues unabated. What is it that thus, in every ſituation, makes us ſo enamoured of life? 'Tis *hope*; the liberator of the captive, the friend to the children of ſorrow, the ſupport of the indigent and the ſmoother of the thorny paths of life. She, by the aid of her magic lanthorn, diſcloſes to view years of pleaſure, more than amply repaying every affliction; nor does the dear deluſion leave us, till the pulſe of life beats ſlow and feebly, the laſt throb of expiring nature.—O hope! thou gift of the Almighty to preſerve his creatures from deſpair, when ſinking under the extremes of anguiſh, all nature owns thy influence! Thou gildeſt the calm current of felicity, by thy aſſurances of its continuance; but 'tis in ſcenes of diſtreſs that thy power is chiefly felt and acknowledged. Then the boſom is deſpoiled of preſent happineſs. The heart, vacant and ſad, chides the tedious moments for their tardineſs, and the phantom hope, cheating anguiſh of her woe, ſteals upon the heart by imperceptible degrees, and heals the wounds inflicted by misfortune.

ANTOINETTE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BIOGRAPHICAL CURIOSITY.

IT is aſſerted that "the greateſt characters the world has known, have ariſen from an obſcure origin." The following liſt in proof of this aſſertion might be greatly enlarged, and particularly by thoſe who have been or now are eminent in the United States.

Demoſthenes was the ſon of a forgeman—Virgil, of a baker—Horace, of a freed man—Theophraſteus, of an old-clotheſman—Roſſeau the poet, of a ſhoemaker—J J. Roſſeau was a watchmaker—Miliere was the ſon of a tapeſtry man—Rollin, the hiſtorian, of a cutler—Maſſillon, of a tanner—James Cook, of a very indigent peaſant—Shakeſpeare, of very poor parents—Benjamin Franklin, of a tallow-chandler, and himſelf a printer.—Rittenhouſe was a goldſmith.

PRINTING.

DURING the Pope's late reſidence at Paris, the utmoſt homage was paid him by numerous exhibitions to explain the progreſs of the uſeful arts in that country. One circumſtance, however, but little known, though unparalleled in the annals of Printing, deſerves to be recorded: On the firſt of February, His Holineſs viſited the Imperial Printing Office.—As he paſſed along the galleries, *one hundred and fifty* preſſes furniſhed him as he paſſed, with a ſheet each, upon which was given the Lord's Prayer in ſome different language or dialect. In Hebrew, Samaritan, Chaldee, ancient Syriac, Rabinical, ancient and vulgar Arabic, Armenian, Perſian, and all the languages and letters of the Crimea, of the Malay, of Java, of Indoſtan, of the Mogul Empire, of China, and of Tartary; in all 46 dialects of Aſia. We cannot enumerate all the European languages and dialects, but they amounted to 75. Africa furniſhed 12;—and America the remaining 17. The reputation of the French preſs is well known, and the conſtant attention paid by that nation to the art of Printing, even amidſt their revolutionrry horrors, enabled them to paſs before the eyes of the Roman Pontiff, whatever has been employed to improve and enrich the moſt uſeful art known to man.

Important conceſſions of Bolingbroke.

"No religion," ſaid that deiſtical nobleman, "ever appeared in the world, whoſe natural tendency was ſo much directed to promote the peace and happineſs of mankind, as Chriſtianity. No ſyſtem can be more ſimple and plain than that of natural religion, as it ſtands in the goſpel. The ſyſtem of religion which Chriſt publiſhed, and his evangeliſts recorded, is a complete ſyſtem to all the purpoſes of religion, natural and revealed. Chriſtianity, as it ſtands in the goſpel, contains not only a complete, but a very plain ſyſtem of religion. The goſpel is, in all caſes, one continued leſſon of the ſtricteſt morality, of juſtice, of benevolence, and of univerſal charity." [*Chriſ. Obſ.*

ANECDOTE.

A country girl riding by a turnpike road without paying toll, the gate-keeper hailed her and demanded his fee. On her demanding his authority, he referred her to his ſign, where ſhe read, 'A man and horſe, 6 cents.' 'Well,' ſays the witty girl, 'you can demand nothing of me, as this is but a *woman* and a *mare!*' Saying which, ſhe rode off, leaving him to the laughter of the by ſtanders.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are indebted to our female correſpondents for all the original proſe the preſent number contains. Theſe fair authors are requeſted to accept the Editor's thanks, and continue their exertions to adorn the Tablet, and intereſt and improve the minds of their readers.

MARRIED,

At Auguſta, (D. M.) H. Weld Fuller, Eſq. attorney at law, to Miſs Eſther Gould.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

A CONSOLATION.

SAD diſappointment is the lot of man !
  He draws, a day or two, the vital breath—
His life, at moſt, is ſhorter than a ſpan ;
  He's ſure of nothing here below but *death*.

Yet Heav'n has ſent a guide, to quell our fears,
  To ſoothe the pains which mortals muſt endure,
To calm the mourner's breath, to dry his tears ;
  It is religion undefil'd and pure.

Conſider *this*, ye haughty ſons of pride !
  That ſcenes of time and ſenſe muſt paſs away,
Into the grave your feet muſt ſhortly ſlide ;
  O ſeek religion—bow the knee and pray.

Ye, who have loſt a huſband, friend or wife
  Muſt know the fate of ſublinary things
Wiſh you for joys beyond the preſent life ?
  Religion comes with healing in its wings.

Ye parents, who have loſt a darling child,
  Torn by the cruel ſpoiler from your arms,
Embrace religion and its mercies mild
  Will ſoothe your ſorrows with immortal charms.

It is a cordial to the troubled mind,
  A balſom, which will heal the wounded heart,
And only in its ſolace can we find
  That happineſs which never ſhall depart.

Religion ſoftens all the ills which riſe,
  And leads us, when this dreary life is o'er,
Into that beatific Paradiſe,
  Where happy friends ſhall meet to part no more.

EUGENIO.

SELECTED POETRY.

(The following beautiful lines were written, by the Rev. T. M. HARRIS, while on a journey for the recovery of his health.)

POOR, feeble wanderer, deſtin'd ſtill to roam,
  In ſearch of health beneath ſerener ſkies,
Still on the penſive thought, my diſtant home,
  And all its dear domeſtic ſcenes ariſe.

Thro' months of ſickneſs and of langour there,
  With every kind attention I was bleſt,
My lovely Partner ſooth'd each riſing care,
  Watch'd at my bed and lull'd my woes to reſt.

Now far remov'd from all ſuch gentle aid,
  Surrounded by the thoughtleſs and the gay,
To aſk for help unwilling, or afraid,
  I paſs the ſleepleſs night, and dreary day.

O may the warming Sun and vernal gales,
  Health to this enervated frame reſtore ;
Then will I ſeek again my native vales,
  And viſit my beloved home once more.

E'en now I ſeem to hear my MARY's voice,
  Welcome my ſafe return in accents bland ;
And ſee my beauteous girl and ſprightly boys
  Preſs round to ſhare my kiſs and claſp my hand.

The viſion fades ! mere fancy and deceit,
  To reach that home may ne'er to me be given,—
Yet I again my family ſhall meet,
  No more to part, at our beſt home in heaven.

From the Repertory.

EGREGIO PICTORI DOMINO STUART.
Qui inter Graphicæ Artis Princeps.
Præclarus Emicat
Tabulis ſpectatis ac admiratis.

MIROR ! viventes quo ſurgant ordine formæ !
Hic armis magnus, major virtutibus HEROS.*
Hic magnâ apparent Homines in ſede potentes ;†
Hic Docti oſtendunt notam mentem, oraque nota,‡
Hic Oratores facie quaſi voce loquuntur.‖
Virginibus pulchris hic dant ſe corda videntum,
Ac ſic, arte tuâ miracula mille creantur.

MAC CARTHY.

* *Waſhington.* † *Mr. Jefferſon, Mr. Madiſon.*
‡ *Dr. Prieſtly, &c.* ‖ *Hon. Fiſher Ames, &c.*

WINTER NIGHT.

FROM THE *MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.*

HAIL Winter ! ſullen monarch ! dark with clouds :
Throned on bleak waſtes, and fierce and cold with ſtorms ;
Welcome thy blaſting cold and treaſured ſnow !
Thy raving, rending winds do but compoſe
My ſoul ; and midſt thy gloom, my heart
Smiles like the opening ſpring. Thy long drear nights,
Winter, I hail. The cold receding ſun
I love to follow to the cloudy weſt,
And ſee thy twilight deepen into gloom
Of thickeſt darkneſs. Round my cheering fire,
How I enjoy the gliſtenig eye, and ſmile,
And burning cheek, and prattle innocent,
Of my dear little ones ; and when *they* ſink
With heavy eyes into the arms of ſleep,
Peaceful, and ſmiling ſtill, and breathing ſoft ;
How pleaſant glide the hours in converſe pure
With her whom firſt I lov'd ; who long has crown'd
My joys, and ſoothed me with her gentle voice,
Under a load of ſorrows ; who has felt
The power of truth divine ; and from whoſe lips
I catch the peaee and love of ſaints in heaven.
Vain world ! We envy not your joys. We hear
Your rattling chariot wheels, and weep for you ;
We weep that ſouls immortal can find joy
In forcing laughter, diſſipating thought,
In the looſe ſtage, the friſking dance, the pomp,
And forms and ornaments of poliſh'd life,
In heartleſs hypocritic ſhow of love,
In giddy nonſenſe, in contempt of truth,
Which elevates the ſoul, and ſwells the heart
With hope of holy bliſs. We mourn your waſte
Of mind, of ſtrength, of wealth. Think, tho't-leſs world,
How many fatherleſs and widows pine
In want ; how many ſhiver in the ſtorm.
Over a dying flame, how many cower
In ſome poor hovel, preſſing to their breaſts
Oh think what aching hearts ye might relieve !
What brooding ſorrows ye might cheer ! What tears
Of friendleſs, naked, moaning poverty
Ye might wipe off with lenient ſmypathy.
Oh Winter, I can bear thy howling ſtorms.
Riſe but a few more ſuns, and all thy blaſts
Will ſoften. Yon waſte fields will ſmile in green ;
The branches ſwell with infant buds ; the groves
Reſound with nature's melody. But MAN,
MY KIN, lies deſolate. A wintry blaſt
Has chilled his heart, frozen the circling blood
Of ſympathy, and blighted the ſweet fruits
Of love. How bleak and waſte ! In vain the Sun
Of Righteouſneſs ſheds bright and healing beams
In vain does HE, who died on Calvary,
Extend his hands, bleeding with wounds of love.
MAN ſtill is cold and wintry ; ſtill is hard,
And melts not into mercy.—This vain world
Is colder than the northern ſkies. But FAITH
Looks o'er the icy mountains, looks beyond
The wintry clouds, and ſees unfading bloom
Of paradiſe, ſees peaceful ſtreams of joy,
And warm effulgence of the God of Love.
And hark ! a gentle voice now calls, "Ariſe
And come away. The winter's paſt and gone,
The flowers appear ; the birds with tranſport hail
The ſpring. The turtle's plaintive voice is heard ;
The fig-tree bends with figs. The fragrant vine
Preſents the tender grape. Ariſe and ſee
Millennial happineſs, the reign of peace and love.

On the evening after the intelligence of Lord Nelſon's victory and death were received in London, the following lines were ſpoken by Mr. Wroughton, in the Drury-Lane Theatre. [Lon. pap.]

Is there a man, who this great triumph hears,
And with his tranſports does not mingle tears ?
For tho' Britannia's flag victorious flies,
Who can refrain from grief when *Nelſon* dies ?
Stretched on his deck amid ſurrounding fires,
More Phœnix-like the gallant chief expires ;
Covered with trophies, let his aſhes reſt,
His mem'ry lives in every Britiſh breaſt.
His dirge our groans, his monument our praiſe ;
And whilſt each tongue this grateful tribute pays,
His ſoul aſcends to Heaven in glory's brighteſt blaze.

Dum vivimus, vivamus.

Live while you live, the Epicure will ſay,
And take the pleaſure of the preſent day :
Live while you live, the ſacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my view let both united be !
I live in pleaſure when I live to thee.

TAKE NOTICE.

She who in ſecret yields her heart,
Again may claim it from her lover ;
But ſhe, who plays the triffer's part,
Can ne'er her ſquander'd fame recover.

Then grant the boon for which I pray,
'Tis better lend than throw away.

PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER WEDNESDAY,
FOR THE EDITOR,
BY M. DAVIS.